A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

London & Oxford.

London, WHY so hasty to let thy Lodgings, before thou knowest what their Persons, and their Principles are? What if an unexpected Number of *Papists* should lodge in thy Bowels, and when occasion serves, be the first that will flye in thy Face? Let me tell thee, a *Papist* in Masquerade looks so Saint-like, that the most Learned in your University will be puzled to discover him; he will go to the Church, or to the Meeting, commend either, or both; say any thing, do any thing, or Swear any thing to please you, or to gain your good Opinion of him; but as soon as ever the Muzle is taken from the Mastive's Head, then he flyes at your Throat.

Oxford, If it be not too late, I'le be as Industrious as I can to prevent them from lurking in my Territories hereafter. I have already got a Jolly Company of New Tenants, but what they are, I know no more than the Pope of *Rome*; nay, for ought I know, he knows them better than I do; I am sure they have *Protestant Outsides*; they go to Church, and take as much Bread and Wine as the Parson thinks well bestowed upon them. I see neither Beads nor Bullets; if they have any store, for ought I know, they may do as the *Jews* (in *Vespasians* dayes) did with their Jewels, hide them in their Bellyes.

London, Watch them as narrowly as the Cats do Mice; if there be any ill Design afoot, either by Night or by Day, you'l see some Symptoms of it; there is seldom any Smoke, but there is some Fire. Hitherto their Plots have been fruitless enough; they can hardly boast of more than two or three Justices of Peace being Kill'd; they have been defeated in all their Attempts in my Liberties: Let them not gain the Ground in thine, which they have lost in mine.

Oxford, A word to the wise is enough; but let me tell thee, I am the less Sollicitous and Carefull, because I know his Majesty will for his own Safety, and our Security, bring a sufficient Number of Red-Coats with him: I pray God they be good ones.

London, I hope they will: But what means the bleating of these Sheep? What means all this Noise? What creates these Fears, and begets these Jealousies in the People? They seem to fear, that neither the *King* nor the *Parliament* may be in safety there.

Oxford, I believe this Fear may proceed from a Principle of Love; those we love well, we never think them safe enough. The King's greatest Enemies will call him, *A good Natured King*; and well they may; if he has any fault, this is his Crime, that he is too apt to forgive his Enemies.

London, I wish the thoughts of this doth not animate our Red-lettered Villains the more.

Oxford, Be not over-jealous, we are like to have most of the same Members to sit again, and all will grant them to be Wise, Discreet, Learned, Sober, Judicious, Unbyassed men; if they are so zealous for the good of their Country, surely in the midst of their zeal, they will not be unmindfull of their own safety.

London,

London, I wish they may not; our Happyness or Misery depends on their Weal or Wo; whilst they swim, we can never sink; they are the Pillars on which all our Habitations rest; their Sorrow is our Sorrow, and their Delight is ours; we are the Apples of their Eyes, and they are tender over us. God bless and preserve the King's most Excellent Majesty, and unite his Royal Heart to such faithful Counsellors as they have been.

God grant that his Ahithophel Counsellors may be brought to Confusion, may his secret Enemies be brought to open Shame, and may his Sacred Ears be ever open to those that Counsel him for Good.

Then we shall see the Pope will hang his Ears,
His Imps will all be filled with Shame and Fears:
Terrors will hunt them into ev'ry Cave,
And he'l be Happy'st that first finds his Grave.
Now they may prick their Ears, and laugh a While,
But then they'l have but little cause to Smile:
Their present Joy to Mourning will be Turn'd;
They may be Hang'd that thought we should be Burn'd.
O bless my Eyes, great God above, I pray Thee,
With such a Change, and I will strive to pay Thee
With Thanks and Praises: Let me see this Sight,
And thou shalt be my God, and my Delight.
Pity thy *Sion's* Sorrows, they are great;
Pull down the Tripple Crown from *Sion's* Seat:
Shut up the Flood-Gates of her flowing Eyes;
Arm thee with Strength, O God, and now arise,
Root up the *Roman* Pride, build *Sion's* Wall;
Thy People cannot rise till *Rome* doth Fall.
Unite our Sacred King and Parliament,
And thus pluck off our Clouds of Discontent.
Be thou our God, and O be thou our Guide!
Then we have Strength and Council on our Side.
Then let them Plot, it stands to Sense and Reason,
Their Plots will be but like their Powder-Treason;
Their Stratagems and Plots will Fade and Cease,
We shall be Happy in a Lasting Peace.

FINIS.

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